Were braſſe impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin,
Boares through his Caſtle walls, and farewell King,
Couer your heades, and mocke not fleſh and bloud,
With ſolemne reuerence throw away reſpect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me al this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taſte griefe, neede friendes, ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to me I am a King?

Carleil. My Lord, wiſemen nere ſit and waile their woes
But preſently preuent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe ſtrength vnto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelfe:
Feare and bee ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight,
And fight and dye, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death ſeruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a himme.

King Thou chidſt me wel, proude Bullingbrook, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This agew fitte of feare is ouerblowne,
An eaſie taſke it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake ſweetely man, although thy lookes be ſower,

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie
The ſtate and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dul and heauie eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to ſay,
I play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:
Your Vncle Yorke is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou haſt ſaid inough:
Beſhrew thee coſin which didſt leade me foorth

Of that ſweete way I was in to diſpaire,
What ſay you now? what comfort haue we nowe?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more:
Go to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King Woes ſlaue ſhal kingly Wo obey:
That power I haue, diſcharge, and let them goe
To eare the land that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I haue none, let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſel is but vaine.

Aum. My Leige, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong.
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſperſt, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends vpon this coaſt.

North. The newes is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland
To ſay King Richard: alacke the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.

North. Your Grace miſtakes, onely to be briefe
Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue bin ſo briefe
He would haue beene ſo briefe to ſhorten you, (with him,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heades length.

Bull. Miſtake not (Vnckle) further then you ſhould.

Yorke Take not (good Coſin) further then you ſhould,
Leaſt you miſtake the heauens are ouer our heads,

Bul. I know it Vncle, and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their wil. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome Harry: what, wil not this Caſtle yeeld?

H. Percie The Caſtle is royally mand my Lord
Againſt thy entrance.